## Challenging Hip-Hop Songs

### 1. “Alphabet Aerobics” — Blackalicious

(Now it's time for our wrap up

Let's give it everything we've got

Ready? Begin)

Artificial amateurs, aren't at all amazing

Analytically, I assault, animate things

Broken barriers bounded by the bomb beat

Buildings are broken, basically I'm bombarding

Casually create catastrophes, casualties

Cancelling cats got their canopies collapsing

Detonate a dime of dank daily doin dough

Demonstrations, Don Dada on the down low

Eatin other editors with each and every energetic

Epileptic episode, elevated etiquette

Furious fat fabulous fantastic

Flurries of funk felt feeding the fanatics

Gift got great global goods gone glorious

Gettin godly in his game with the goriest

Hit em high, hella height, historical

Hey holocaust hints hear 'em holler at your homeboy

Imitators idolize, I intimidate

In a instant, I'll rise in a irate state

Juiced on my jams like jheri curls jockin joints

Justly, it's just me, writin my journals

Kindly I'm kindling all kinds of ink on

Karate kick type brits in my kingdom

Let me live a long life, lyrically lessons is

Learned lame louses just lose to my livery

My mind makes marvelous moves, masses

Marvel and move, many mock what I've mastered

[Nephews] nap knowin I'm nice naturally

Knack, never lack, make noise nationally

Operation, opposition, off, not optional

Out of sight, out of mind, wide beaming opticals

Perfected poem, powerful punchlines

Pummelling petty powder puffs in my prime

Quite quaint quotes keep quiet it's Quannum

Quarrelers ain't got a quarter of what we got uh

Really raw raps, risin up rapidly

Riding the rushing radioactivity

Super scientifical sound search sought

Silencing super fire saps that are soft

Tales ten times talented, too tough

Take that, challengers, get a tune up

Universal, unique untouched

Unadulterated, the raw uncut

Verb vice lord victorious valid

Violate vibes that are vain make em vanished

? well would a wise wordsmith just

Weaving up words weeded up, I'm a workshift

Xerox, my X-ray-diation holes extra large

X-height letters, and xylophone tones

Yellow back, yak mouth, young ones yaws

Yesterday's lawn yards sell our (yawn?)

Zig zag zombies, zoomin to the zenith

Zero in zen thoughts, overzealous rhyme ZEA-LOTS!....

(good....can you say it faster?)

### 2. “Chemical Calisthenics” — Blackalicious

I can do anything

Neutron, proton, mass effect, lyrical oxidation, yo irrelevant

Mass spectrograph, your electron volt, atomic energy erupting

As I get all open on betacron, gamma rays thermo cracking

Cyclotron and any and every mic

You're on trans iridium, if you're always uranium

Molecules, spontaneous combustion, pow

Law of de-fi-nite pro-por-tion, gain-ing weight

I'm every element of brown

Lead, gold, tin, iron, platinum, zinc, when I rap you think

Iodine nitrate activate

Red geranium, the only difference is I transmit sound

Balance was unbalanced then you add a little talent and

Careful, careful with those ingredients

They could explode and blow up if you drop then

And they hit the ground

Let it flow, yo, just let it go, get back

C-O-H-O-2 wine water solution of calcium hydroxide

Slobbin it, C-A-O lime will make bleach powder

Galvanic metal beats stomp out louder

Dried ice, C-0 squared refrigerant

N-O-2 makes you laugh, it's laughing gas used by the dentists

I nearly added acid glue, I'm like oil of a toil, the king of chemicals

And the G heat gas waved all your mats

Chemical change, ice point, melt all your raps

Atomic weight, hold shocks, when you call

Refillable gas keep going way beyond

Biotch I'm only ill with buzzin, feel the ambiance

A diabetic process outta calm your ass

After I warm your ass, I'll give sodium, silicate N-O-2-S-1-O-3, a water glass

Borax flexure full of brimstone sulfur

Boraxic acid, hip-hop preserver

C-O-2 could never put away the fire

Style aroma is scientific; the lyrical fuse would be connected

To teach you chemical calisthenics

The Theory is that all matter is composed of at least three fundamental particles

Protons, electrons, neutrons, Protons charge is positive

By now you've guessed electrons are probably negatively charged

Neutrons don't follow either, neutral, in the middle, only no apologies

Centered, unmoved by yin and yang ideology

Neutron, bomb songs, electron fury

Cosmic musical radio-activity

Different points in joints within infinity

Oxygen and hydrogen alive within all types of energy

Within all types of energy

Within all types of energy

Within all types of energy

Within all types of energy, inside a world, inside a world

Inside a universe, inside of me existing although I can't see it

Hydrocarbon, nitrogen cycle, ionization

Heavier than electric motor metals that weigh over a ton

This has been a chemist, Blackalicious creation

Clean out your desk, put your papers away cause class in almost done

This is chemistry plus calisthenics

I'm calcium plus potassium, magnesium, newspaper of sodium, sulfate

Your solvent, chloroform, remedy from the norm

glycerin, purest form Titanium

there is no way out, when this newfy is out

of all arms vibration, forming in a [nephew]

some bleachin' to teach ya religious is equal to pieces of meteor

Eager to be here or is it, can see here I know all of all

I'ma pickin' up pretty little Cindy

I'm more, I'm thinkin of more,

I'm cookin a potion!

### 3. “A to G” — Blackalicious

--We're going to learn to hear words with vowel "A" sound....Listen with care

I be the analog arsonist, aimin at your arteries

All-seeing abstract, analyze everything

Adding on, absolutely abolishing

Average amateur's arsenal just astonishing

--Next, we'll learn words that begin with letter "B"

I be the big, bad body rockin Bombay to boulevard bully BACK

Better bring a bomb to the battlefield

Bloody black beats bringing bottoms that boom

Basically build barriers bewilder buffoons

--Listen now to words that begin with letter "C"

Crazy character, constantly creating concontions

Catalyst, a cannabalistic rhymes conqueror

Correctly connecting, craniums crumble down

Consistent capacity

--Next we'll hear words that start with letter "D"

Done did that done did this diddle don

Domination don't dignify diction

Doin' it deep down dialect daring

Doomsday dut devastate during the duration

--Listen to our song for vowel "E"

Extraterrestrial electrical, effortless

Eons of energy, everyone affected

Efficiently epitomize excellent

Extravagant elevate where the essence is

--"F" is the letter with which these words begin

Blackalicious got funk for the future filling up fiends finally

Fabulous, furious, fatness, follow me

[Nephews] fall frequently, fact

Verbal felon fired up federally foundation fadin' all of this wack [stuff]

-- You will listen carefully again to words with sounds for letter "G"

-I be the Gift of Gab

-The man with the given gift of gab man with the gift of gab

-I possess the gift of gab

-Gift of gab, gab

-I use my gift of gab to boast and brag in every rhyme I

-Got the gift of gab

-When I shoot the gift, I shoot

-I use the gift of gab like a harpoon

-On the serious tip, I'm equipped with a gift

-The gift of gab, it don't waiver

-Yo man you gotta -- Grab the mic to show you got the gift of gab

--These are the letters B, C, D, and F, and then comes the letter G.

### 4. “Clockwork” — Blackalicious

We getting' ready, to start the set

It's clockwork, got work

Put it in like doctors with awkwardness

Mopped your whole flock up

And walked toward ya

Scattered all up on the chalkboard

Socrates self is thoughtless

From farmers to Metropolis

I get these process all twisted

Form mental visual optics

My job description rock wiz

Clock ticks

I'm toxic giving oxygen to the thoughtless

Intoxicant knocking the planet off it's axis

Like oxes chappin(?)

Boxing compin (?) it up out though

Peepin it loose

Seeped in to you

Begin in to the outro

MC is what I be about though

The freshest widow without though

I can outflow

Any little doubt

Your little mouth throw out so

Take it out though

So I'm a gardener

I'm a chef eatin all you carnivores

I'm an ancient Zen master philosophic thought

Comin like the Art of War

Handyman with lyrical hardware

And my house ain't made a ginger

But its made of an array of pages that'll slay ya like a ninja

Unemployed, no, I got work

And my job description

A rap technician

From sun up to sun down

And it's clockwork

Can you understand?

Every beat be made with sucker DJ's plus scissors and tape

Can you understand?

Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sight

Can you understand?

Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin

Or is he the real captain?

Can you understand?

The way we rock keep runnin for a record around the clock

Grabbin the mic and unravelin with

The force of a javelin hit

Travelin Gift of Gab and I'm it

MC's are havin a fit

A man and a myth with a hat of magical tricks stored in my cabina-net,

Jamming and rippin the average listener cramming in it like a sandwich

A bit at a time

This critical rhyming individual will shine your pitiful kind

It's little so little that I will belittle your mind

Nigero tearin yo ego and spiritual flows

Divine imperial

Signed and delivered

So take time rewind and give it all

Your undivided attention

Divide is in division

Subtraction in addition

See I'm like a mathematician

Egyptologist wisdom

Hip-hop holy man submerging you all in my baptism

Security guard of the rap prison

Slap rhythms into newborns

And birth rap ism into blunts from sacks hittin,

Get em off and make fat dividends

Now that's livin

See I got work

And my job description

A rap technician

From sun up to sun down

And it's clockwork

Can you understand?

Every beat be made with sucker DJ's plus scissors and tape

Can you understand?

Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sight

Can you understand?

Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin

Or is he the real captain?

Can you understand?

The way we rock keep runnin for a record around the clock

One-two, one-two

This is my mic, my rhyme, my beat and my crowd

Do I have to give up my signature?

To get ya to figure it out

I'm walking the path that Allah had planted

Or Jah, whoever you give your shout to

If your doubts

Rip you out your physical watch your spiritual drift up out

Floatin up on your way to infinity

Kiss the clouds

Just about

When you get to the point where the alien ships are out

Tell em I sent you to help ya and give ya directions

Wherever you're going so that you don't miss the route

See, I send you traveling far

Unadulterated cleverness

And you'll never catch a flaw

I'm a hip-hop astrologist

And my raps a shooting star

I'm a bartender all into your mental

Sittin at the bar ventures force injure

More injure pretenders the inventor of plenty other dullage (?)

Your loving buzzin at your door like Jehovah witnesses is in the fall

If I was your landlord you wouldn't need to pay the rent at all

Just give me applause whenever I floss that'll be the only cost

See my occupation

A rap technician

From sun up to sun down

And it's clockwork and it don't stop

Can you understand?

Every beat be made with sucker DJ's plus scissors and tape

Can you understand?

Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sight

Can you understand?

Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin

Or is he the real captain?

Can you understand?

The way we rock keep runnin for a record around the block

### 5. “Alphabet Slaughter” — Papoose

(A) Alert assassins at large allegedly automatic artillery angrily aimed

And aggressively

Accurate AK's angled all ways adversary afraid as active ammunition

Abraise

And accumulated an alias after arrested

And accompanied armed accessories as an adolescent

(B) Bridge Benz brolic burners bringin' brothers betrayer's bodies

Briefly be body banged bleedin' brothers

Blaze bats in brave bashin' BROOKLYN bullets busters big biscuits

Barrels blazin' beheading [betty] boasts and bluffers

Borough barricaders beat bringers brutally blast bringin' blood baths...

(C) Cover cowards corners collectin' cash

Confirmed convicts commitin' crimes clappin' cats

Creepin' cashiers causin' characters comas cappin' crabs

Chaos causin'

Clearly commiting CILO cocaine capsule caps colored capturing customer's

C-Notes

Confiscatin' combinatin' kids are countin' cream calculatin'

Cockin' calibur chromes creatin' casualties conversatin'

(D) Dominatin' devoted dealer devastatin' determination demonstratin'

Devine dedication

Debatin' drug deals demandin' dough distributed

Definitely dividing double digit dollar dividends

Drama declarin' demolishin' domain dozer

Directing dumb-dumbs doin' dummies dirty disarmin' Dojos

(E) Estimatin' onions enlarged and economically

Equally educatin' each exercise in equality

Eliminatin' expirin' enemies eradicatin'

Erasin' evidence every element evacuatin'

(F) For four [friends] frontin' for fame fleein' from flames

Firin' full-fledged four-fours forcin' flesh from frames

Fortune fanatic, follow formats for funds faithfully

Felonies, furiously fighting for freedom fatally

Frigidally, frantic fightin' FEDS feelin' fearful finacially fortunate,

Flippin' figures for fifty-fifty...

(G) Gatherin' grants grabbin' gauges gangsta ganks g's gettin green

Guess garments gleamin'

Greatly gainin' g's

Ghetto genius

Genuine gestures gracefully guide

Government Generals gradually generate genocide

(H) Head hoodlum hittin' heads heavenly hypnotizin'

Hire hitmen harness be holdin' heaters hospitalizin'

High holdin' hammers hectically hittin' herbs homicidin'

Helicopter hijackin' holdin' hostages horrifyin'

(I) Intellectually infinite imperial idol infamous

Inhale the Izm injecting intelligence in ignorance

(J) Jumble jum juggler jaw jabbin' jeopardizin'

Jackin' jewelry jinglin' jackknife jiggin' jittery jivers

(k) Knievers, knowledge key, keep a king, keep a kingdom

K-K-K killin' keenly keepin' kosher livin'

(L) Legitimate legal license LEX lastin' longevity

Luxury life, language lacin' lyrical legacy

Lightin' L's loudly loungin' livin' large like Luthor

Loadin' long Lugers lethally lullabying losers

(M) Maneuvers made miraculously, microphone majesty

Music messiah mastered money makin' mathematically

(N) Naturally naked and notorious, naughty nature

Nasty New York [nephew] narcotic negotiator

(O) Observator, oppression obstructin' originator

Organized official officer oxen operator

(P) Plot participator

Plan powder pushin' premeditated

Po-Po partners patrolin' preventin' payment

Prosecutin' penny pinchers

Prison penalty permanent placement

Packin' powerful pistols punk plea and player's playin pavement

(Q) Queen's qualifyed quantity/quality

(R) Rulers rule righteously rightfully royal rapology

Real revolutionaries rather regulate rivalry

Rampantly raisin' raiders rampagin' relentless rivalry

(S) Sense up snub slugs snipin' sharp shooter

Smackin' soldiers silly severely shankin' stupid troopers

(T) Terrorizin' terrible thorough thug terrifyin' totin' two tecs takin'

Territories thoroughly thrivin'

(U) Unifyin' ultimately upliftin' uncivilized

Unique understandin' universally utilized

(V) Visualize vocab victoriously vocalized

Versatile Vice-Versa verbals viciously victimize

(W) Why witty wisdom wage your wars wisely

(X) X-Con

(Y) Yappin' ya'll yearnin'

(Z) Zig Zag Z...

### 6. “Worldwide Chopper” — Tech N9ne

Follow me, all around the planet, I run the gamut on psychology

They could never manage, we do damage wit’ no apology

Pick ‘em off the planet, got a little manic ’cause I gotta be

Frantic, I’ma jam it ’cause I’m an oddity

Gobble the track up like I’m grabbin’ at my mama nakas

I could pop at you, papa, ’cause I’m partners wit’ Waka Flocka

Gimme the top of hip-hop and watch ‘im make ‘em rock

With a show-stopper, chakras poppin’ off the (Worldwide Choppers)

If you anybody, you notice it

Tech is the pinnacle, not an identical soul as it

Loaded as cold as the polar get, wrote it quick and they quoted it

Yo, when it exploded, the flow be hold it, ’cause when that motor spit

A-bi-de-a, bi-de-a, never to get free of the rear

Better to get just near the mirror, ready to get near my heirs

Gimme the knock and I’ma chop it, he came and it went tomorrow

But I’ma lock it down and hop in the pocket like empanadas

Hit ‘em up and get ‘em up, I ain’t done, I ain’t did enough

Trippin’ when I rip it, I be the X when I split ‘em up

Sorta like I was liquored up and backin’ up in the cup

Everybody be knowin’ I be actin’ up when I buzz

From Missouri to Canada, I be keepin’ the stamina

If you never been a fan of the man, the planet’s unanimous

Can I cuss, [forget] anybody, Tech is calamitous

Leave ‘em in the dust, anybody, Tech when I’m standin’ up

Tech is hostile, he’s awful

He really be wicked when he off in the bottle

You wit’ it, you dig it, you never lost the apostle

He’s thinkin’ he can give it the Poe and toss it Picasso

Killin’ everybody off is the motto

And I be the only chopper that’s tossed in the brothel

You said it’s pathetic, my head is off in the taco

I sped and you bled and you in the convo when I go

I’m light years

Ahead of my peers

Want some, you can come bring it right here

Can’t clown me

Don’t come ’round me

Bow down, I was crowned when they found me

Check it, I’m ahead of ‘em, chop it up with the veteran

A legend developin’, they gotta tell ‘im it’s evident

Gotta notice an elephant, none of you [nephews] relevant’

You delicate, I’m lovin’ every second of this

What if I ran into you wit’ a Pogo stick?

Hopped up on top of you rappers like a Jehovah’s Witness?

Wit’ a photo of Jesus and a paper pamphlet

And I threw up more tracks like I was playin’ Hamlet?

Syllable burnin’, that internal damage

Swing, batter, batter, but then I lay back on a hammock

Under an oak tree, like I was peelin’ pecans

But instead, I’m peelin’ rappers’ heads, makin’ a sam-a-wich

Pick up a 22. and put a bullet inside of a

Mother[forget]er from Westside, a 1987 box

I’m headed up, yeah, headed for bucks

[Forget] ‘em all, make ‘em feel my dread like I had a head of locks

Feelin’ rebuffed, like you had that shot

But I hopped on the [forgetin’] beat and I worldwide chopped

Wanna I [forget] wit’ Tech N9ne, well, then fine

I smoke a beat wit’ Mr. Busta Rhymes, well, sure, why not?

Really don’t need to show any more of my cock

But I run across the stadium in a pair of your socks

In a trenchcoat wit’ the pencil and a watch

Then drop a verse before you can focus to beat the clocks

Slumerican is out of control

Heat it up, beat it up, then I gotta go

But I’m a dump truck, just send another load

Peter Piper dump a pile of peppers in your throats

Wit’ an alien probe

I’m light years

Ahead of my peers

Want some, you can come bring it right here

Can’t clown me

Don’t come ’round me

Bow down, I was crowned when they found me

Like I gotta focus up in my rhythm

Or loosen the venom and hit ‘em and give ‘em astig-a-ma-tism

And then I’ma spit ‘em somethin’ so full of vengeance

That everybody’ll wanna devour the pieces of my enemies ’cause of cannibalism

Breakin’ ‘em off into particles, they get in a predicament

That be never reversible ’cause a [nephew] be too versatile

Makin’ you nervous, you could never compete with the colonel

I burn you, I’m an immortal, and that’s the reason I murder you

Focus on my hocus pocus and make a likkle magic

After I wreck and check ya, then ya best pick a better habit

‘Cause I’m an anomaly, able to give a lobotomy

To any mother[forget]er challengin’ my astronomy

Hoppin’ out, I don’t stop when the flame stone

Now one of the most popular choppers and my name’s known

Throwin’ it up in the air, takin’ it there

We W-W-C, if you can’t keep up, shoulda stayed home

My-my-my alien knowledge be makin’ other astronomers

Welcome to Los Angeles, a discovery of palentology

So play me and I’ma be shinin’ on them haters

I’m finna be usin’ it as energy, watch how radiant I’ma be

Like a helicopter when the words fly

Entire families all the way out to you girl die

If I catch you [forgetin’] with the most intricate lyricists

Or even try to stop us ’cause we choppers and we worldwide

And I’m

I’m light years

Ahead of my peers

Want some, you can come bring it right here

Can’t clown me

Don’t come ’round me

Bow down, I was crowned when they found me

See how they ask when I’ma stomp on my dude

And when I’ma cock it and pop it, and what I’ma drop on my dude

Inevitably, instead I’ma be the most incredible dude

To ever spit on the record and put it together, my dude

And then they ask “What in the world is you provin’?

What, when you already the best? And what the [heck] is he doin’?”

Well, I’ma be choppin’ and cuttin’ and breakin’ and beatin’ and shakin’

And [forgetin’] everything up ’til there ain’t no further mistakin’

And bustin’ everything up like a [forgetin’] angry Jamaican

And shuttin’ everything up, ‘specially the ones who be hatin’

They lovin’ everything until I got ‘em stutterin’ stupid

You hear ‘em now? “D-d-d-d-don’t do-do-do-do it!

P-P-P-Please? Wh-wh-wh-why you gotta t-try us?

W-w-w-w-we already know that you be the nicest!”

And now I’ma come and kill ‘em, get ‘em, hit ‘em, and finish ‘em

And bang ‘em in the head and diminish ‘em, and then I’ll

Hit ‘em again at a minimum, repeat comin’ to kill ‘em

Then he be gotta be drillin’ ‘em, thinkin’ “They gotta be feelin’ ‘im!”

Spittin’ lithium, see the way a [nephew] be spillin’ ‘em?

And gettin’ ‘em stupid to the point where there’s no forgivin’ ‘im?

Hopin’ you’re listenin’ and you’re payin’ attention

And you’re witnessin’ the way that I be crushin’ on the mic

And gettin’ in the zone, I be flattenin’ and packin’ in

People from the front to the back and

They got me actin’ a fool, I’m blackin’, [nephew]

Now I’m home!

I’m light years

Ahead of my peers

Want some, you can come bring it right here

Can’t clown me

Don’t come ’round me

Bow down, I was crowned when they found me

Like fire annihilate me father retire instantly

I’m choppin’em, call me Michael Myers in my vicinity

The way I be killin’ ‘em with rhythm, it get illegitimate

The Yela will finish and end any predicament

And the enemies in the vicinity, I gotta mack up

They know they can never get wit’ me whenever they mention me

The hands of a lyrical criminal, more deadly than chemicals

Check my resume, they say that your boy’s biblical

I hit em wit venom and get up in em

I bend em and send em and you can feel me

Diggin’ up in your brain and bringin’ the pain, and y’all fin’ wanna kill me

Fillin’ ‘em with that fury, get up and hurry, you can feel the Remy

Comin’ in wit’ that [stuff], I’m havin’ a fit, and you will never peel me

Off of you when I’m on top of you, look at the W

You been poppin’ off, I’ma hit ‘em up wit’ a bullet to the (Brain!)

You can look into the eyes of a heathen, breathin’, you’re fiendin’

And dreamin’ to find a demon name Insane, I’m a worldwide (Chopper)

### 7. “Ratatattat” — Twista

Sucker wack vicks, I ratatattat tactics, givin em black kicks

Mufflin up the mic with funky black licks

Tricks, I be rippin em like hocus pocus, focus on the funk, gee

Tung be runnin away like a punk be

Rockin, droppin the funk of the manifestation that'll be dope

Scope the point of being wack? Nope, never & no-no

A dancer like a go-go? Oh no

My lip be sort of kickin sort of funky like a hobo

Sucker, I'm like a hype hip-hop gangster gettin dumb

Instead of shooting guns I shoot the tongue

Style Pacino, I'm gunnin em up controllin your casino

Funky like a wino, rhino-dyno like dino

Comin around the corner cappin sucker ducks who be tryin to wreck mine

But my lyrical tongue is like a Tec-9, wastin em

Look at me spillin juice, loose to chasin em

Cut them like tomatoes, then be tomat-pastin em

Facin em, gun to tongue, let's see who'll win this gang member

I'm droppin em like a leaf in September to November

Froze in December, rock over October, so remember

When I shoot the Tec-9 tongue - timber

Ratatattat

Ratatattat

What's the sound of a gat

Ratatattat

What's the sound of a gat

Ratatattat

What's the sound of a gat

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Prr-prrrr.. buck em down

Sucker ducks, comin to pluck em down

Hope the hip hype hip-hop horn struck em down

Climbin, I'm never rhymin Simple like Simon but I'ma do what Simon said

He told me to put that head to bed

Givin an eyeful, funky rhythm of a tongue will stifle

Trifle cause I pop the tongue like a rifle

Watch the funky words pounce

From my mouth watch 40 bounce

Cappin a sucker duck like a 40 ounce

Some flows are wack, but as for me I cause a catastrophe

Like callin Allah God steppin to me is blasphemy

I shoot the tongue like a machine gun

Know what I mean, son?

A chunky spunky tongue if you ever seen one

Cops, I give em props, they cap men, mostly black men

Mouth will pack, then smack em like a Mack-10

Bop - another head flown like a frisbee, it is me

The clips from my lips could drop a Grizzly

Hear me vick, I pack a kick for the ballistic, animalistic

You didn't know my tongue was this quick

Cops that be cappin thinkin that be spunky

Watch I hit them with the lyric and then I'm cut em up with a funky

Ratatattat

Ratatattat

What's the sound of a gat

Ratatattat

What's the sound of a gat

Ratatattat

What's the sound of a gat

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat

Poppin and poppin and poppin the flow of the hip hype hop rhythm

I bust caps like I've been hittin false teeth with raps

Rip your show apart, I know you got no heart to start, I flow art

I got the style that even Humphrey couldn't Bogart

Syllable serum, suckers hear come a style to smack a man

And it be sort of like a smack of Jackie Chan

I pop the funky gun of hip hop, I hop with hips

Droppin battle ships I put the automatic clips up into my lips

Funky like a drunk, I buck em like a hunter

My rifle will make em stifle like Edith Bunker

Suckers I tag em, my rhythm'll rag em, drag em

They felt the funky flow of the formula .44 Magnum

Minimum against the maximum, cracks a maximus

Charge tax and dust, thinkin about waxin us

DJ Jihad will slice em like lard

Check out the funky cut, rocks god be gunnin em up like buckshots

Cappin a brother if he come in a centimeter

Comin to drop the style of Tung and then I bet I'm gonna beat ya

Shootin like mi Uzi, I re-arrange a fella feature

Filimeter, mi funky rhythm is like a 9 millimeter

Ratatattat

### 8. “From Da Tip Of My Tung” — Twista

Droppin a flow like this be breakin the suckers

And rippin the rhythm and showin I'm bringin the feel of my tongue

And be makin em manifest that I be rockin the young

Flowin this style I be singin and bringin

It's breakin the people and go in the mind of a teen

Be makin em hear it and manifest up in him that I'm a star to become

Quick the lyrical style I'ma kick

You better catch the rhythm of it

Cause hip-hop is becomin complicated, never be left hung

Bringin a style like this kinda quick and crisp

A lyrical twist be comin from Chi-Town

I know that hip-hoppers all over will be stung

(How was the rhyme brung?)

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

(How was the rhyme brung?)

Frum among the tip of my tung

Rock the style of my second verse like that of my first

Be showin the hip-hop hypes my types of flowin, but not the best of T

From an imagination this was took, a mental crook

Stirring this up like a chef or cook

I hear them say give me the recipe

Breakin this off in the fashion of an erection of an adventurous style

That I'ma use to just confuse and smart people then go dumb

You say me style be wack cause y'all can't manifest what I be sayin

Think I'm a lyrical midget, watch me then say fee-fi-fo-fum

Flowin this like a veteran that I'm incredible is what they be stung by

When I'ma give in a flow of the funk I erect like a wee-wee

Then see me gee, we be DJ Jihad and T.T.

Steppin and then I'ma find a lyrical line that'll flow from me like peepee

Rockin and me stylin, rockin and me stylin, wildin

Them say me tracks be wack, I just sip them like them coco

Loco, a lyrical thing I sling and cling like Sing-Sing, merciless like Ming

Watch me come and stiff in em like a photo

Funky, funky, funky stylin, wildin

I'ma drop in a flow that breaks and takes a lyrical wiz to wax a funky scholar

Flowin a hyper type of song that I sung from the lung

Breakin em up in a snap, I think that I better thank Allah

(How was the rhyme brung?)

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

(How was the rhyme brung?)

Frum among the tip of my tung

Face the lyrical rhythm of this lick I throw in a blister of a body

Breakin em up so quick that I can even bruise hair

Ryhthm will rock blocks and funky track drops

Don't wanna come in the door but when you're hearin this

Do I hear a 'knock-knock who's there'?

Twista breakin em off in a magical rhythmous manifestation of a lyrical racin

Chasin suckers that my funky rhythm elects

Wrote this, quote this, notice how I wreck

My funky hoocus pocus broke his neck

(How was the rhyme brung?)

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

Frum the tip of my tung

(How was the rhyme brung?)

Frum among the tip of my tung

### 9. “Razzamatazz / Jazzamatazz” — Twista

Oh - back again makin the rhythm kick jazz

Used to be wick-wack, now I got funky pizzazz

Idryss'll do my fade-up cause he cuts em like class

And the chicks want me to lick cause I'm too quick, I think I'll pass

Dollars, if I don't fold em, I roll em like a bolo

Other steppin to brothers cause he be God? Oh no

G-o-d, I be not he, it's true, don't call me loco

And my man Eric the Wiz will stir the mini mix up like Coco

Cut like Michael Myers, start up fires, I'm a scar hard

Thinkin I be wimpy, I just simply rip em far apart

Ansaars in New York, I know that you know that you are God

This brother's from Chicago, so I guess I'm a Chigagod

Rhythm is my producer of rhythms on the wax

The posse Lower Level be kickin some funky tracks

Never ask, I ax, I get madder than Max

Diggem smacks, if they try to tax I play em like a sax

Rock - me call it what?

(Razzamatazz)

Rock - me call it what?

(Jazzamatazz)

Styles, I hand em, I brand em like cattlecakes

Better get flows from your bros if a battle takes

I hear a hiss, the tale of a taddle shakes

Backs this breaks givin aches to the rattlesnakes

I get spunky with funky stylin

Rhythms I flow, I kick them wild and

Tryin to get with the styles I'm pilin

For your sob story I better get the violin

Come again - watch a fun one construct

I don't like sissy chickens and I hate a sucker duck

Some label me a sucker because ducks I like t pluck

The only way I be a sucker is if women wanna suck

Always goin broke so I don't dig into my stash

I'm cool as Brian Robbins on the show \_Head of the Class\_

If you don't get the picture, make the camera go flash

When this rhythm was a baby, doc spanked him on his - jaz

Rock - me call it what?

(Razzamatazz)

Rock - me call it what?

(Jazzamatazz)

Study my culture, soar like a vulture

My teacher Marvin Howard will create my sculpture

I'm kickin Islam, some brothers try to bomb

Facts can harm but I still say Salaam

Sometimes I blush, bust and leave puss

Hush if I must, plus I don't forget to flush

With suckers I fuss, thought I was soft like a slush

Chicagods crush cause they think toys r us

Hip (hip what) hop

This funky hip (hip what) hop

Is funky hip (hip what) hop

This funky hip (hip what) hop

'll make a drip (drip what) drop

I like to rip (rip what) shop

I always slip (slip what) cops

Reachin the tip (tip what) top

Come in again

Buck-buck, my rhythm be knockin at the do'

Mi stamina rock, mi stamina rock, bloodclot, I do not know

Why they judge me by one rap and say too fast I flow

Even though I kinda thought I said it slow - oh

Rock - me call it what?

(Razzamatazz)

Rock - me call it what?

(Jazzamatazz)

### 10. “Mista Tung Twista” — Twista

Let the Cavalier Tung kiss ya, it's the Mista Tung Twista

Pumpin a rhythm, a lyrical styler

My tongue'll be flingin a funky pile of

Lyrical rhymes that's breakin em off in the mind, I be flowin em holy, I'm

Kickin the funky Islam, my lyricals slippin em like petroleum, slowly I'm

Pumpin the flow of the lyric, I'm breakin em off with the radical texture

I'm one brother you could never get next ta

Flex your style, I'm gonna give em a lyrical pump of the rhythm of Cav

And crackin em up with the word of the wise

I be bringin em up in the flow of the funky dialect

I elect a flow for suckers that try a wreck

I spark the light of a head and be wakin em up and then cause a fly effect

I insist ya lay with the path of my rhythm and follow me like a scripture

Flowin this from my lung, a tongue twister

Mista, my style'll be makin a dent and be leavin the tracks bent

Steppin is the lyrical black gent, my Nubian accent

Breakin em up and then makin em take in the smell of my funk I be kickin up in em

And then I'ma give em a lick of my lyrical lollypop, I'm gonna bring em into my doctrine

Rock, then the rhythm'll makin the clock spin blackwards

The funk of the rhythm'll snap, crackle and pop, then flow, oh

I'm makin em follow the path of a God and my track'll be blacker than Cocoa

This lyric I'm makin is dope, don't call it so-so

Don't dis the Tung Twista

Leavin the suckers soft as a whisper, Tung kiss ya like a sister

Then I'ma let it be known that it's the way that I throw

That's makin the funk of the lyrical glow

And how I tell it, yo Cav is kickin a funkedelic flow, and oh, my fist'll

Swing at the rhythm of suckers, then I'm gonna give em a Tung blister

It's the Mista Tung Twista

My tongue is spinnin

I follow with Allah and the Father be stoppin the Cavalier from sinnin

The lyrical rhythm beginning and then in the endin

I ratatattat tactics, give em black kicks

Flow of the lyric I'm pumpin and rappin em up is dope as a crack fix

Wack? It's - funky, I'm greater

Never to step at the lyrical dictator, a state of

Shock is what I put a sucker into, then to mentally

Go with the smell I be stylin, gee, funky is what the scent'll be

Harmin this? Uh-uh, the Cavalier's kickin my charm in this

Simply because I'm in this, I'm as dope as a pharmacist

Calmin this? Hype as a rattle be shakin and rippin the rhythm

And breakin up into a sweat, I be workin the lyrical servin a sucker

So never come near a, lyricist Cavalier - ah

Rock the flow of the lyrical rhythm be shinin like a mirror

Hear a sucker step at the Twist, ya gotta be goin like this to beat me

The funk of the lyric will flow from me like peepee

You caught a work of my tongue as I be flow flowin like water

Crackin em up with a flow and sort of slaughter I oughta

?? I'm bracin Nubian nations, race and chasin

My tongue your tastin, a quick pace and facin lyrical wastin

Tungs'll be cut like Jason, racin

Tung Twista rocks, your lip'll lock

My tongue'll be makin a tick tick or tick tock to Nubian hip-hop

Flip-flopped, a flow when I wrote this

Kickin and makin some hocus pocus, focus

Tongue will be flippin just like this I'ma locus

Givin a diagnosis for Twisterosis

Crackin a mouth and them makin em ache I'ma put em up into a coma

You're sniffin dope aroma

I'm blendin

I'm able to break up a sucker that you might send in

The funk of the lyrical rhythm beginnin

Spinnin the suckers around like a dollar

Be makin em holler kickin the funk of a lyrical scholar

I pray to Allah, I'm makin this funky like I'm a hobo

Throw better than bolo, ya thinkin that he can battle my solo

Just say oh no cause that's a no-no

When I be smellin the funk of my flow, jo

I'm pumpin this up and breakin this in with a lyrical, then say haha

Take titles, then say ta-ta

I'm rippin a rap and then rockin a rhythm and ring in my tongue I'ma bend em

And flow with a lyric it's steppin inside em

And get with the funk I be pumpin up in em

With this and it's the

Yeah - Tung Twista

The Boogieman was speaking, he said, what's up Mista Twista

Don't you know that Nubians ain't never supposed to whisper

Talkin behind my back is makin it seem like it's a rumor

So tell me fact to face when you can decide to come to Juma

Don't say your name backwards because you don't like Cav

Played to the left by def and I'm gonna eff up the right half

The sucker descendant of Canaan, I'ma let my pizzazz wreck

I'm speakin this to the devil that calls his self an Aztec

You ain't a Puerto-Rican, know what I'm speakin, Islam you're seekin

You might as well open the doors of a church and become a deacon

Don't step to me, speakin the pep to me about what your rep'll be

Crept to me because I let them see that you had leprosy

Them suckers that be dissin me I simply just insist ya

Stop steppin against the Mista Tung Twista

### 11. “Runnin’ Off At Da Mouth” — Twista

Runnin -

My lyrics are cunnin, vocabulary is stunnin, son of a gun, and

I'm rankin at one, makin it fun and takin my gun, and

Loadin, explodin, causin harm, poppin and droppin a bomb

Breakin it down like Imaam, so be calm, cause see, I'm

The capable, no mistakable, makin the unbreakable breakable

Able to hook em like cable cause Sinister Def ain't stable

No deceivin and weavin a web, I be leavin a stain in your brain and bustin your vein

Pickin and kickin a style I be lickin and shakin and bakin and makin it rain

Simple and plain, I smoke em like hickory dickory dock, it's time to clock

So brothers I mop, the bigger they drop, so stop, Tung Twista, pop

Gotta be that it be lyrical hip-hop

Rockin a rhythm, I never stop-drop, I'm gonna give em a pop

Flowin this up and breakin the suckers up off of the mic and then rip it to shreds

I be kickin and makin the people come off in a rage

And my lyrical magic I'm makin and movin, I label this funky

Oh, this dope rhythm I throw be pump-pump-pumpin em up in the mind

And be bringin em up into hypeness

This funky tempo I throw, I know that I be slappin the dope hypeness up in em

And then I'ma bend em a lyrical rhythm

I throw with the tongue, be leavin em hung among

This style I be throwin to tangle the mind of a sucker

Then label it lyricalism

And scopin em in a prism

And givin a lyrical flow that will fizz em

I tackle a rhythm and break it up, only my lyric was left

My Tung Twista is def first, let me take a deep breath

Flowin the lyrical magic of mine I be moppin and sweepin

And breakin em up and then makin em break in a sweat

I be makin em jump and then sit up and lift the style

I be kickin and poppin the rhythm I'm rockin and pumpin

The lyrics I put up inside em be makin em rock

And a flow of the rhythm I'm bringin into the mic

I'm gonna give em a concept, never let a con step

To what I be givin the crowd that be makin em hype and then leavin a con swept

Breakin the suckers up into chunks, I be leavin em sinkin deeper than south

I'm gonna twist this up funky, T.T. be runnin off at the mouth

(Indeed)

Run off, run off, run off, run off at the mouth

Listen to the tongue twist, twistin is the Tung

Because of my trickery my tongue is slippery

This style is wild I brung

Terrible, tragical, mystical, magical, wreck in a second

The ladies I'm checkin and trickin

You think that I'm sickenin, hoes be kickin when I stick it in

I got the enemy jumpin like Jimny like it was ten of me

Try to be friend of me, suckin my simile

If I'm ill, then give me the rememdy

I'm bakin like Daxon, waxin, givin em facts just like a lawyer

Cause Sinister Def be runnin off at the mouth like Latoya

B-b-buck em down, see, buck em down

B-b-buck em down, see, buck em down

B-b-buck em down, see, buck em down

B-b-buck em down, see, buck em down

Come again

Rhythms be comin, a radical phenomenon fillimeter

Be makin a magical matter be that I be

Ratatattat a flow of my tongue energy, I

Crush them, them can't overcome the power to hum

And breakin the minimum competator, gee

Miracle metamorphosis is breakin em off in this

Lyrical matter becomin a rhythmous venomous pop quiz

I'm rockin this as of his and crackin em up with a plop fizz

Lyrical wiz, never a wanna-be, gonna be rippin em up into particles

Then I'ma come in the pitiful puppet's mind

Seekin a rhythm and you shall find

Me rockin the funk of the rhythm, me stamina crammin em up in a t line

Be devine, me lyrical purrrrfection, a funky feline

Cappin a crowd with a mic and then makin em mangle

Pumpin a fist, they tangle

Lyrics so funky even Bo Jangles

Leavin angels, spinnin my tongue

And if you never come into cheer me, I say cheerio, hero

Me rhythm will float like a boat, let's see how he flow

My freedom of speech I'm a reach up against your lyrical flowin, a styler

Jammin and droppin a rhythm and poppin em up with the funk of a wilder

Holy sorcerer oughta come get with the funk of a slow solo

Bolo wanna throw but I show that a funky pro go, still wanna flow? Oh no

Slo-ow, oh-oh, I step when sendin men deeper than south

Lyrical Sinister Def And T.T., we be g runnin off at the mouth

Run off, run off, run off, run off at the mouth

### 12. “Fastest Rhyme” — Young MC

Ahh Young MC that is my name

and rocking it for you is my game

It is my game but whattayalike

The Young MC is on the mic

On the mic and in the place

I'm rockin it to the vicious face

The vicious face the vicious house

I'm really gonna make you hypnotized

Hypnotized within your brain

You're rockin it to the break of dawn

The break of dawn the break of D

Cause my name is the Young MC

Young MC is what I'm called

I'm not too heavy not too tall

I'm not too tall I'm never the wack

The Young MC give a heart attack

Heart attack is what they give

I'm really gonna make you want to live

You want to live you want to die

You're rockin the vicious can't deny

Can't deny is what you hear

You're rockin the days week month and year

Month and year and month and day

I'm really gonna take your breath away

Breath away your breathalizier

My my life is synthesize

Synthesizer music machine

Rock the house you know what I mean

What I mean is what I say

Really gonna rock the house today

You rock today you rock tonight

You're gonna really do it right

Do it right and do it for em

I'm gonna really make you sing a song

You sing a song called 'With the Glee'

Cause my name is the Young MC

## Other Challenging Songs

### 1. “Technologic” — Daft Punk

Buy it, use it, break it, fix it,

Trash it, change it, mail - upgrade it,

Charge it, point it, zoom it, press it,

Snap it, work it, quick - erase it,

Write it, cut it, paste it, save it,

Load it, check it, quick - rewrite it,

Plug it, play it, burn it, rip it,

Drag and drop it, zip - unzip it,

Lock it, fill it, call it, find it,

View it, code it, jam - unlock it,

Surf it, scroll it, pause it, click it,

Cross it, crack it, switch - update it,

Name it, rate it, tune it, print it,

Scan it, send it, fax - rename it,

Touch it, bring it, Pay it, watch it,

Turn it, leave it, start - format it.

Technologic

Technologic

Technologic

Technologic

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### 2. “It's The End Of The World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)” — REM

That's great, it starts with an earthquake

Birds and snakes, an aeroplane, and Lenny Bruce is not afraid

Eye of a hurricane, listen to yourself churn

World serves its own needs, don't misserve your own needs

Feed it up a knock, speed, grunt, no, strength

The ladder starts to clatter with a fear of height, down, height

Wire in a fire, represent the seven games

And a government for hire and a combat site

Left her, wasn't coming in a hurry with the Furies breathing down your neck

Team by team, reporters baffled, trumped, tethered, cropped

Look at that low plane, fine, then

Uh-oh, overflow, population, common group

But it'll do, save yourself, serve yourself

World serves its own needs, listen to your heart bleed

Tell me with the Rapture and the reverent in the right, right

You vitriolic, patriotic, slam fight, bright light

Feeling pretty psyched

It's the end of the world as we know it

It's the end of the world as we know it

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine

Six o'clock, TV hour, don't get caught in foreign tower

Slash and burn, return, listen to yourself churn

Lock him in uniform, book burning, bloodletting

Every motive escalate, automotive incinerate

Light a candle, light a motive, step down, step down

Watch your heel crush, crush, uh-oh

This means no fear, cavalier, renegade and steering clear

A tournament, a tournament, a tournament of lies

Offer me solutions, offer me alternatives, and I decline

It's the end of the world as we know it (I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it (I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine (It's time I had some time alone)

I feel fine (I feel fine)

It's the end of the world as we know it (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine (It's time I had some time alone)

The other night I dreamt a nice continental drift divide

Mountains sit in a line, Leonard Bernstein

Leonid Brezhnev, Lenny Bruce, and Lester Bangs

Birthday party, cheesecake, jellybean, boom

You symbiotic, patriotic, slam but neck, right? Right

It's the end of the world as we know it (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it

It's the end of the world as we know it

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine (It's time I had some time alone)

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It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it (It's time I had some time alone)

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine (It's time I had some time alone)

(It's time I had some time alone)

### 3. “Subterranean Homesick Blues” — Bob Dylan

Johny's in the basement

Mixing up the medicine

I'm on the pavement

Thinking about the government

The man in the trench coat

Badge out, laid off

Says he's got a bad cough

Wants to get it paid off

Look out kid

It's somethin' you did

God knows when

But you're doin' it again

You better duck down the alley way

Lookin' for a new friend

The man in the coon-skip cap

In the big pen

Wants eleven dollar bills

You only got ten.

Maggie comes fleet foot

Face full of black soot

Talkin' that the heat put

Plants in the bed but

The phone's tapped anyway

Maggie says that many say

They must bust in early May

Orders from the DA

Look out kid

Don't matter what you did

Walk on your tip toes

Don't try, 'No Doz'

Better stay away from those

That carry around a fire hose

Keep a clean nose

Watch the plain clothes

You don't need a weather man

To know which way the wind blows.

Get sick, get well

Hang around an ink well

Ring bell, hard to tell

If anything is goin' to sell

Try hard, get barred

Get back, write Braille

Get jailed, jump bail Join the army, if you failed

Look out kid

You're gonna get hit

But losers, cheaters

Six-time users

Hang around the theaters

Girl by the whirlpool

Lookin' for a new fool

Don't follow leaders

Watch the parkin' meters.

Ah get born, keep warm

Short pants, romance, learn to dance

Get dressed, get blessed

Try to be a success

Please her, please him, buy gifts

Don't steal, don't lift

Twenty years of schoolin'

And they put you on the day shift

Look out kid

They keep it all hid

Better jump down a manhole

Light yourself a candle

Don't wear sandals

Try to avoid the scandals

Don't wanna be a bum

You better chew gum

The pump don't work

'Cause the vandals took the handles.

### 4. “The Times They Are A-Changin’” — Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round people

Wherever you roam

And admit that the waters

Around you have grown

And accept it that soon

You'll be drenched to the bone

If your time to you

Is worth savin'

Then you better start swimmin'

Or you'll sink like a stone

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics

Who prophesize with your pen

And keep your eyes wide

The chance won't come again

And don't speak too soon

For the wheel's still in spin

And there's no tellin' who

That it's namin'

For the loser now

Will be later to win

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen

Please heed the call

Don't stand in the doorway

Don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt

Will be he who has stalled

There's a battle outside

And it is ragin'

It'll soon shake your windows

And rattle your walls

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers

Throughout the land

And don't criticize

What you can't understand

Your sons and your daughters

Are beyond your command

Your old road is

Rapidly agin'

Please get out of the new one

If you can't lend your hand

For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn

The curse it is cast

The slow one now

Will later be fast

As the present now

Will later be past

The order is

Rapidly fadin'

And the first one now

Will later be last

For the times they are a-changin'.

### 5. “KMAG YOYO” — Hayes Carll

Ah, Daddy joined the air force, said it was a good source

danger, love and money but it only led to divorce

ended up in Abilene, working at a Dairy Queen

put me in the Army on the day that I turned seventeen

here I am standing in the desert with a gun

thought of going AWOL but I’m too afraid to run

got myself a new plan, stealing from the Taliban

make a little money turning poppies into heroin

sergeant didn’t like it so they put me in a hole

said it’s easy shooting when they don’t know when to go

threw me on a lily pad sent me home to NORAD.

I knew I’d be in trouble but I didn’t think I didn’t think it’d be this bad

A stranger wearing all black met me on the tarmac

told him I was sorry but I ain’t ever going back.

he said you ain’t in trouble son learn to fire without a gun

got a new assignment a workin’ for the Pentagon

gonna take a chip wouldn’t tell me what it’s for

gotta serve your country gonna help us win the war

MIT, Ph’ds night and day they tested me

ain’t what I was thinking but I’m being all I can be

I ain’t no genius but I knew it wasn’t right

eatin uppers in the morning LSD at night

sent me off to deep space help ‘em with the arms race

ola, me oh my this [stuff] has got a funny taste

I think I hear the countdown

hundred feet above the ground

told me when I’m leaving but a nothing about a coming down.

sitting on a bad dream

1000 pounds of gasoline.

ain’t leaving nothing but some rubble in my slip stream.

Momma always said I should be aiming for the moon

never would have guessed it I’ll be passing by soon.

how the hell’d I get here blasting thru the atmosphere

drop the rocket boosters and I’m shifting into high gear.

Bowie on the system and a bottle on my knee

Armstrong ain’t got nothing on me.

Ay O here we go

KMAG YOYO someone want a git me

gotta come up where the sun don’t go

I think I see a bright light something about it ain’t right.

lay down in a space ship woke up in a fire fight.

tripping from the morphine

came down in a bad scene

God don’t let me die here. I ain’t even nineteen.

I won’t ever ask you Lord for anything again

swear it on the Bible Torah Koran

dying in a Rhino track

trying to have a heart attack

IED got to me

someone call the medivac

I need some fixin after where it is I’ve been

never gonna go and try to shoot a gun again.

slipping out the back door

gonna join the Peace Corp.

tell me I’m a hero now

someone else can fight this war.

### 6. “Down The Road Tonight” — Hayes Carll

Thrift store cowboys, five and dime junkies

Red dirt plowboys, asphalt monkeys

Holy rollers, signal callers

Truck stop angels, backstreet brawlers

Van Zandt groupies, guitar slingers

Hallelujah gospel singers

Freight-train mamas, pistol shooters

My first girlfriend works at Hooters

Beans and biscuits in my cupboard

Listen to Ray Wylie Hubbard

All gone down on the road tonight

Drunken angels, blacktop racers

Holy rollers, whiskey chasers

Lonestar drinkers, midnight ramblers

Dirt road divas, highway gamblers

Moonshine mamas, panty droppers

Dhali Llamas, ol' pill poppers

High-school heroes, back row preachers

Pool hall hustlers, tantric teachers

Teenage cuties politickin'

Harry Krishna feed me chicken

All gone down on the road tonight

Blue jean babies, old heartbreakers

Had a party with some Quakers

Heartworn highways, country singers

Radio's full of old right-wingers

Session players, duct tape dealers

Outlaw country, hubcap stealers

Ain't no money in my wallet

Broke again is what they call it

My Grandmother's name was Spiller

Michael Jackson peaked at Thriller

All gone down on the road tonight

Jukebox gypsies, Mustang Sally's

Don't go walkin' down dark alleys

Needle pushers, horn rimmed glasses

Rhinestone jumpsuit, backstage passes

Blue plate specials, Luanne platters

Japanese is all that matters

Broken arrows, Gulf Coast kickers

"Who's your daddy?" bumper stickers

Dah dah dah dah dah dah dahhh

Ha-ah-ah-ah Ah-ah

Ah yeah, aw uh duntdunt

Outro: (Spoken: "I'm outta words, people...that's all I got! Americana

woman...hip shake with me baby!")

### 7. “I’ve Been Everywhere” — Johnny Cash

I was totin' my pack along the dusty Winnemucca road,

When along came a semi with a high an' canvas-covered load.

"If you're goin' to Winnemucca, Mack, with me you can ride."

And so I climbed into the cab and then I settled down inside.

He asked me if I'd seen a road with so much dust and sand.

And I said, "Listen, I've traveled every road in this here land!"

I've been everywhere, man.

I've been everywhere, man.

Crossed the desert's bare, man.

I've breathed the mountain air, man.

Of travel I've had my share, man.

I've been everywhere.

I've been to:

Reno, Chicago, Fargo, Minnesota,

Buffalo, Toronto, Winslow, Sarasota,

Wichita, Tulsa, Ottawa, Oklahoma,

Tampa, Panama, Mattawa, La Paloma,

Bangor, Baltimore, Salvador, Amarillo,

Tocapillo, Baranquilla, and Perdilla, I'm a killer.

I've been everywhere, man.

I've been everywhere, man.

Crossed the desert's bare, man.

I've breathed the mountain air, man.

Of travel I've had my share, man.

I've been everywhere.

I've been to:

Boston, Charleston, Dayton, Louisiana,

Washington, Houston, Kingston, Texarkana,

Monterey, Faraday, Santa Fe, Tallapoosa,

Glen Rock, Black Rock, Little Rock, Oskaloosa,

Tennessee to Tennesse Chicopee, Spirit Lake,

Grand Lake, Devils Lake, Crater Lake, for Pete's sake.

I've been everywhere, man.

I've been everywhere, man.

Crossed the desert's bare, man.

I've breathed the mountain air, man.

Of travel I've had my share, man.

I've been everywhere.

I've been to:

Louisville, Nashville, Knoxville, Ombabika,

Schefferville, Jacksonville, Waterville, Costa Rica,

Pittsfield, Springfield, Bakersfield, Shreveport,

Hackensack, Cadillac, Fond du Lac, Davenport,

Idaho, Jellico, Argentina, Diamantina,

Pasadena, Catalina, see what I mean-a.

I've been everywhere, man.

I've been everywhere, man.

Crossed the desert's bare, man.

I've breathed the mountain air, man.

Of travel I've had my share, man.

I've been everywhere.

I've been to:

Pittsburgh, Parkersburg, Gravelbourg, Colorado,

Ellensburg, Rexburg, Vicksburg, Eldorado,

Larimore, Admore, Haverstraw, Chatanika,

Chaska, Nebraska, Alaska, Opelika,

Baraboo, Waterloo, Kalamazoo, Kansas City,

Sioux City, Cedar City, Dodge City, what a pity.

I've been everywhere, man.

I've been everywhere, man.

Crossed the desert's bare, man.

I've breathed the mountain air, man.

Of travel I've had my share, man.

I've been everywhere.

### 8. “We Didn’t Start The Fire” — Billy Joel

Harry Truman, Doris Day, Red China, Johnnie Ray,

South Pacific, Walter Winchell, Joe DiMaggio,

Joe McCarthy, Richard Nixon, Studebaker, television

North Korea, South Korea, Marilyn Monroe,

Rosenbergs, H-bomb, Sugar Ray, Panmunjom

Brando, "The King and I" and "The Catcher in the Rye"

Eisenhower, vaccine, England's got a new queen,

Marciano, Liberace, Santayana goodbye

We didn't start the fire

It was always burning

Since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No we didn't light it

But we tried to fight it

Joseph Stalin, Malenkov, Nasser and Prokofiev

Rockefeller, Campanella, Communist Bloc,

Roy Hn, Juan Peron, Toscanini, dacron,

Dien Bien Phu falls, "Rock Around the Clock"

Einstein, James Dean, Brooklyn's got a winning team,

Davy Crockett, Peter Pan, Elvis Presley, Disneyland,

Bardot, Budapest, Alabama, Krushchev,

Princess Grace, "Peyton Place", trouble in the Suez

Little Rock, Pasternak, Mickey Mantle, Kerouac,

Sputnik, Chou En-Lai, "Bridge on the River Kwai"

Lebanon, Charlse de Gaulle, California baseball,

Starkweather, homicide, children of thalidomide,

Buddy Holly, "Ben Hur", space monkey, Mafia,

Hula hoops, Castro, Edsel is a no-go,

U-2, Syngman Rhee, payola and Kennedy,

Chubby Checker, "Psycho", Belgians in the Congo,

Hemingway, Eichmann, "Stranger in a Strange Land"

Dylan, Berlin, Bay of Pigs invasion,

"Lawrence of Arabia", British Beatlemania,

Ole Miss, John Glenn, Liston beats Patterson,

Pope Paul, Malcolm X, British politician sex,

JFK, blown away, what else do I have to say?

Birth control, Ho Chi Minh, Richard Nixon back again,

Moonshot, Woodstock, Watergate, punk rock,

Begin, Reagan, Palestine, terror on the airline,

Ayatollah's in Iran, Russians in Afghanistan,

"Wheel of Fortune", Sally Ride, heavy metal suicide,

Foreign debts, homeless vets, AIDS, crack, Bernie Goetz,

Hypodermics on the shores, China's under martial law,

Rock and roller cola wars, I can't take it anymore

We didn't start the fire

It was always burning

Since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No we didn't light it

But we tried to fight it

We didn't start the fire

But when we are gone

Will it still burn on, and on, and on, and on

### 9. “Penny Lane” — The Beatles

Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs

Of every head he's had the pleasure to have known

And all the people that come and go

Stop and say hello

On the corner is a banker with a motorcar

The little children laugh at him behind his back

And the banker never wears a mac

In the pouring rain...

Very strange

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

There beneath the blue suburban skies

I sit, and meanwhile back

In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hourglass

And in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen.

He likes to keep his fire engine clean

It's a clean machine

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

Four of fish and finger pies

In summer, meanwhile back

Behind the shelter in the middle of a roundabout

A pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray

And though she feels as if she's in a play

She is anyway

Penny Lane the barber shaves another customer

We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim

Then the fireman rushes in

From the pouring rain...

Very strange

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

There beneath the blue suburban skies

I sit, and meanwhile back

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

There beneath the blue suburban skies...

Penny Lane.

### 10. “We Can’t Make It Here” — James McMurtry

Vietnam Vet with a cardboard sign

Sitting there by the left turn line

Flag on the wheelchair flapping in the breeze

One leg missing, both hands free

No one's paying much mind to him

The V.A. budget's stretched so thin

And there's more comin' home from the Mideast war

We can't make it here anymore

That big ol' building was the textile mill

It fed our kids and it paid our bills

But they turned us out and they closed the doors

We can't make it here anymore

See all those pallets piled up on the loading dock

They're just gonna set there till they rot

'Cause there's nothing to ship, nothing to pack

Just busted concrete and rusted tracks

Empty storefronts around the square

There's a needle in the gutter and glass everywhere

You don't come down here 'less you're looking to score

We can't make it here anymore

The bar's still open but man it's slow

The tip jar's light and the register's low

The bartender don't have much to say

The regular crowd gets thinner each day

Some have maxed out all their credit cards

Some are working two jobs and living in cars

Minimum wage won't pay for a roof, won't pay for a drink

If you gotta have proof just try it yourself Mr. CEO

See how far 5.15 an hour will go

Take a part time job at one of your stores

Bet you can't make it here anymore

High school girl with a bourgeois dream

Just like the pictures in the magazine

She found on the floor of the laundromat

A woman with kids can forget all that

If she comes up pregnant what'll she do

Forget the career, forget about school

Can she live on faith? live on hope?

High on Jesus or hooked on dope

When it's way too late to just say no

You can't make it here anymore

Now I'm stocking shirts in the Wal-Mart store

Just like the ones we made before

'Cept this one came from Singapore

I guess we can't make it here anymore

Should I hate a people for the shade of their skin

Or the shape of their eyes or the shape I'm in

Should I hate 'em for having our jobs today

No I hate the men sent the jobs away

I can see them all now, they haunt my dreams

All lily white and squeaky clean

They've never known want, they'll never know need

Their sh@# don't stink and their kids won't bleed

Their kids won't bleed in the da$% little war

And we can't make it here anymore

Will work for food

Will die for oil

Will kill for power and to us the spoils

The billionaires get to pay less tax

The working poor get to fall through the cracks

Let 'em eat jellybeans let 'em eat cake

Let 'em eat sh$%, whatever it takes

They can join the Air Force, or join the Corps

If they can't make it here anymore

And that's how it is

That's what we got

If the president wants to admit it or not

You can read it in the paper

Read it on the wall

Hear it on the wind

If you're listening at all

Get out of that limo

Look us in the eye

Call us on the cell phone

Tell us all why

In Dayton, Ohio

Or Portland, Maine

Or a cotton gin out on the great high plains

That's done closed down along with the school

And the hospital and the swimming pool

Dust devils dance in the noonday heat

There's rats in the alley

And trash in the street

Gang graffiti on a boxcar door

We can't make it here anymore

## Non-Song Challenges

### Tongue Twisters

Betty Botter had some butter, "But," she said, "this butter's bitter. If I bake this bitter butter, It would make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter, That would make my batter better." So she bought a bit of butter – Better than her bitter butter – And she baked it in her batter; And the batter was not bitter. So 'twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better butter.

Ned Nott was shot and Sam Shott was not. So it is better to be Shott than Nott. Some say Nott was not shot. But Shott says he shot Nott. Either the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, Or Nott was shot. If the shot Shott shot shot Nott, Nott was shot. But if the shot Shott shot shot Shott, Then Shott was shot, not Nott. However, the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott.

A tree-toad loved a she-toad Who lived up in a tree. He was a two-toed tree-toad, But a three-toed toad was she. The two-toed tree-toad tried to win The three-toed she-toad's heart, For the two-toed tree-toad loved the ground That the three-toed tree-toad trod. But the two-toed tree-toad tried in vain; He couldn't please her whim. From her tree-toad bower, With her three-toed power, The she-toad vetoed him.

Mr. See owned a saw. And Mr. Soar owned a seesaw. Now, See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw Before Soar saw See, Which made Soar sore. Had Soar seen See's saw Before See sawed Soar's seesaw, See's saw would not have sawed Soar's seesaw. So See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw. But it was sad to see Soar so sore just because See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw.

### Random Paragraph Generator

#### The surprising village crawls over the breeding pulp

Smith 2004

The provoked buffer rushes baseball behind the brave whole. The bowl gasps. Across the intellect arrives her ratio. The exhaust damages a comedy. A lake prosecutes. How does the chief watch the ethnic unfortunate. The therapy strains a mystic advocate. A relaxed disregard pokes my fluid into a main subroutine. A discriminating statistic accepts. Within the courier bubbles a near agony. The questionnaire convinces an executed candidate. An unreliable listener ranks the friendship. A fake bays without a porter. The implied tag rests inside the disgust. The physiology grasps a pseudo god against the person. The door interferes in the whole. The natural silence raves beside the zone. A seventh sighs opposite the imbalance. The mailbox salts the poke with an aesthetic keystroke. The coke talks. The stake freezes beside the organ. This cynic strikes. The entertaining communist barks. The passionate hospital replaces a dirty horizon. The wombat encourages the dinner. The restaurant dances the billfold. The gold meets the illustrated fear. The surprising village crawls over the breeding pulp. Will the treated beach promise an apparatus. A questioning lip gasps into the interactive opera.

#### The plagued yawn zooms outside a standard pro.

Lancaster-Schmidt 2008

The laser forwards the terror. The dragon triumphs over a compelled welfare. The chunk overcomes my fish. The major perfects the converted parameter. The varied solicitor reigns below the alarm. The clarified biologist interferes with the blasting heel. The aforementioned basket screams past the intimate. The bread dines an eight damned. A motorway graces the scope. Underneath the plaster grows an entertaining relative. The classified temple originates. The unsatisfactory advantage accounts the twist past the aforementioned fantasy. The vast thief tempers an air. A proof parades inside an objective. A bowl summarizes the confine with the elect girl. A jungle joins with a blasting gesture. Should the hilarious theme concern the much virgin. An overwhelmed need hums after an agenda. The plagued yawn zooms outside a standard pro. The newsletter hums. Can his unfamiliar swallow sleep. The truth reverts. Opposite the selected moderate prevails whatever lined keystroke. Does the tutor link the made vegetarian. A textual pork completes whatever influential criterion.

### World’s Worst Writing

#### This is difficult to read.

Butler 97

The move from a structuralist account in which capital is understood to structure social relations in relatively homologous ways to a view of hegemony in which power relations are subject to repetition, convergence, and rearticulation brought the question of temporality into the thinking of structure, and marked a shift from a form of Althusserian theory that takes structural totalities as theoretical objects to one in which the insights into the contingent possibility of structure inaugurate a renewed conception of hegemony as bound up with the contingent sites and strategies of the rearticulation of power.

#### So is this.

Bhabha 94

If, for a while, the ruse of desire is calculable for the uses of discipline soon the repetition of guilt, justification, pseudo-scientific theories, superstition, spurious authorities, and classifications can be seen as the desperate effort to "normalise" formally the disturbance of a discourse of splitting that violates the rational, enlightened claims of its enunciatory modality.

#### This is also difficult.

Levine 96

As my story is an august tale of fathers and sons, real and imagined, the biography here will fitfully attend to the putative traces in Manet's work of 'les noms du pré, a Lacanian romance of the errant paternal phallus ('Les Non-dupes errent'), a revised Freudian novella of the inferential dynamic of paternity which annihalates (and hence enculturates) through the deferred introduction of the third term of insemination the phenomeno-logically irreducible dyad of the mother and child.

#### It’s almost over.

Leahy 96

Total presence breaks on the univocal predication of the exterior absolute the absolute existent (of that of which it is not possible to univocally predicate an outside, while the equivocal predication of the outside of the absolute exterior is possible of that of which the reality so predicated is not the reality, viz., of the dark/of the self, the identity of which is not outside the absolute identity of the outside, which is to say that the equivocal predication of identity is possible of the self-identity which is not identity, while identity is univocally predicated of the limit to the darkness, of the limit of the reality of the self). This is the real exteriority of the absolute outside: the reality of the absolutely unconditioned absolute outside univocally predicated of the dark: the light univocally predicated of the darkness: the shining of the light univocally predicated of the limit of the darkness: actuality univocally predicated of the other of self-identity: existence univocally predicated of the absolutely unconditioned other of the self. The precision of the shining of the light breaking the dark is the other-identity of the light. The precision of the absolutely minimum transcendence of the dark is the light itself/the absolutely unconditioned exteriority of existence for the first time/the absolutely facial identity of existence/the proportion of the new creation sans depth/the light itself ex nihilo: the dark itself univocally identified, i.e., not self-identity identity itself equivocally, not the dark itself equivocally, in “self-alienation,” not “self-identity, itself in self-alienation” “released” in and by “otherness,” and “actual other,” “itself,” not the abysmal inversion of the light, the reality of the darkness equivocally, absolute identity equivocally predicated of the self/selfhood equivocally predicated of the dark (the reality of this darkness the other-self-covering of identity which is the identification person-self).